



The Little Red Hen

Ladybird *tales*

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The Little Red Hen



Retold by Vera Southgate M.A., B.Com
with illustrations by David Kearney

Ladybird *tales*



Once upon a time, there was
a little red hen who lived
in a farmyard.



One day the little red hen found some grains of wheat.

She took them to the other animals in the farmyard.



“Who will help me to plant these grains of wheat?” asked the little red hen.



“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

“Not I,” said the pig.



“Then I shall plant the grains myself,” said the little red hen.

So she did.



Every day the little red hen went to the field to watch the grains of wheat growing.

They grew tall and strong.



One day, the little red hen saw that the wheat was ready to be cut.

“Now the wheat can be made into flour,” said the little red hen to herself, as she set off for the farmyard.



“Who will help me to take the wheat to the mill, to be ground into flour?” asked the little red hen.



“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

“Not I,” said the pig.



“Then I shall take the wheat to the mill myself,” said the little red hen.

So she did.



The little red hen took the wheat
to the mill and the miller ground it
into flour.



When the wheat had been ground into flour, the little red hen took it to the other animals in the farmyard.



“Who will help me to take this flour to the baker, to be made into bread?” asked the little red hen.



“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

“Not I,” said the pig.



“Then I shall take the flour to the baker myself,” said the little red hen.

So she did.



The little red hen took the flour
to the baker and the baker made it
into bread.



When the bread was baked,
the little red hen took it to the
other animals in the farmyard.



“The bread is now ready to
be eaten,” said the little red hen.
“Who will help me to eat
the bread?”



“I will,” said the cat.

“I will,” said the rat.

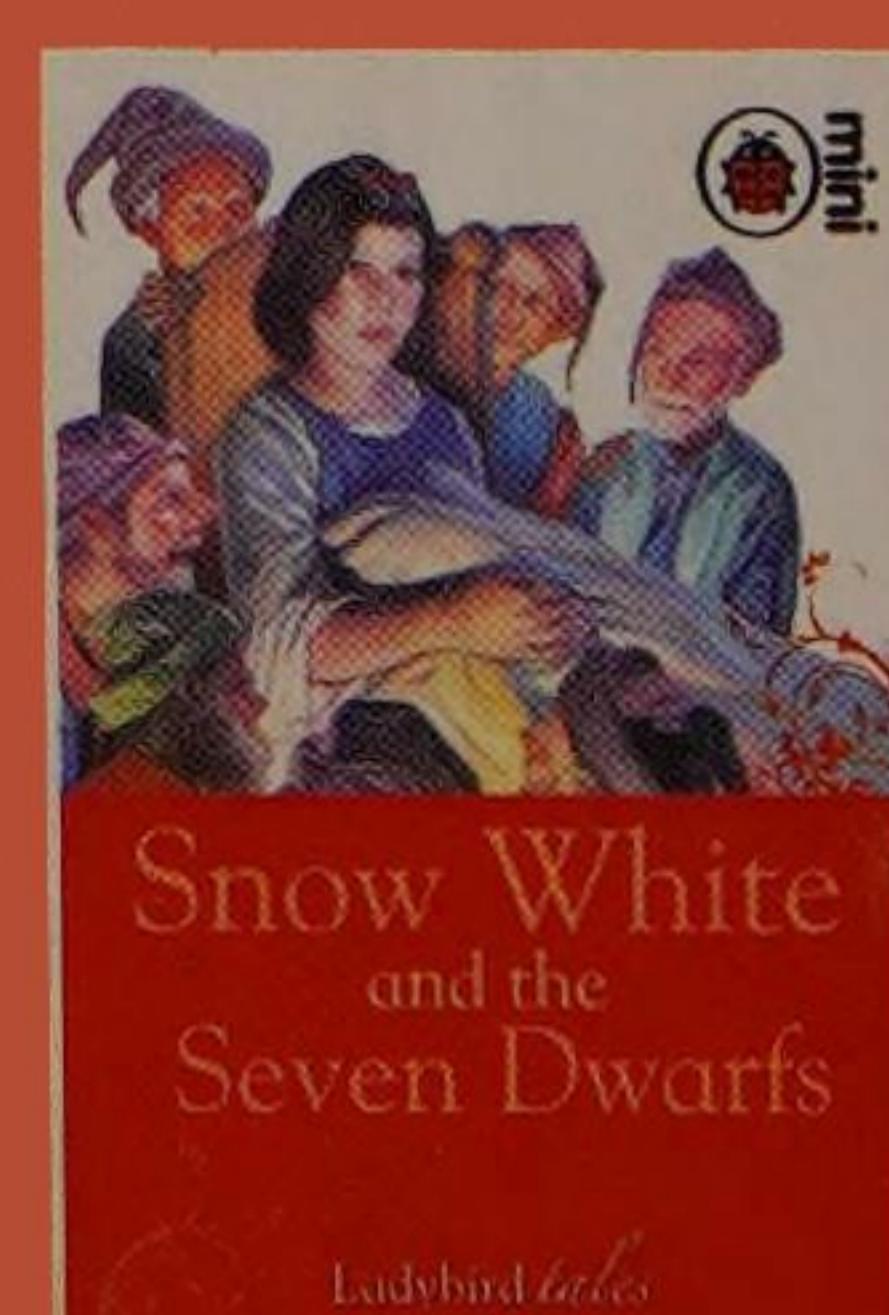
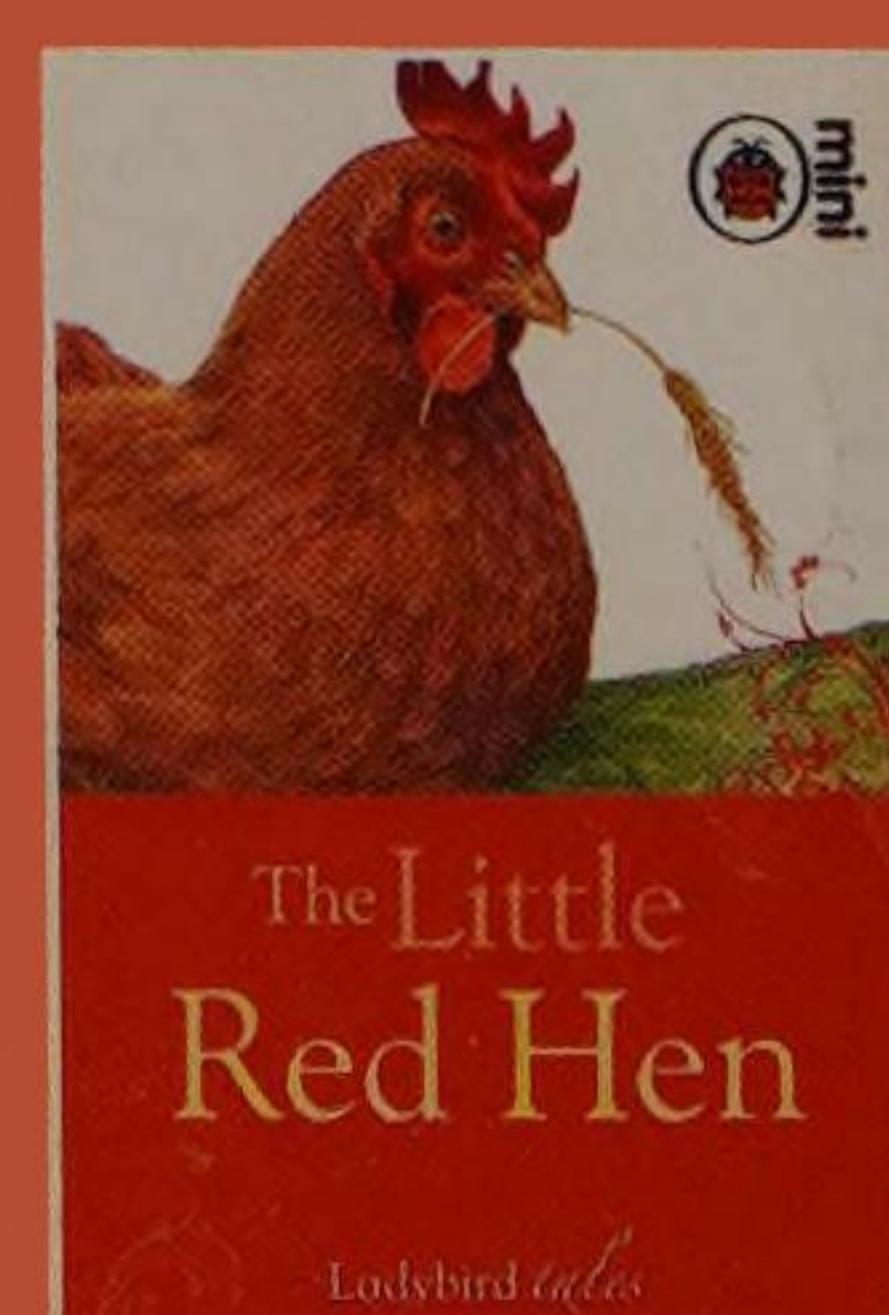
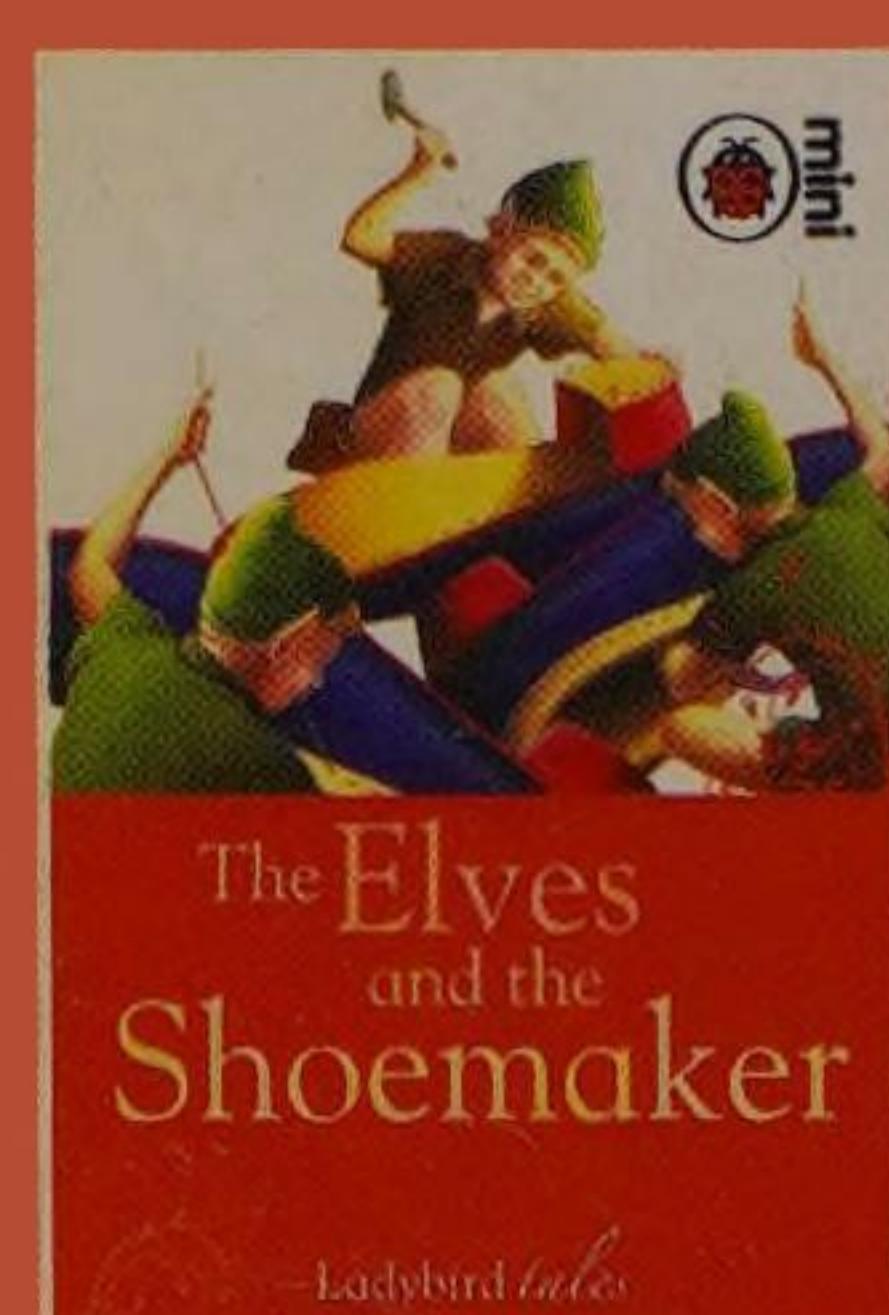
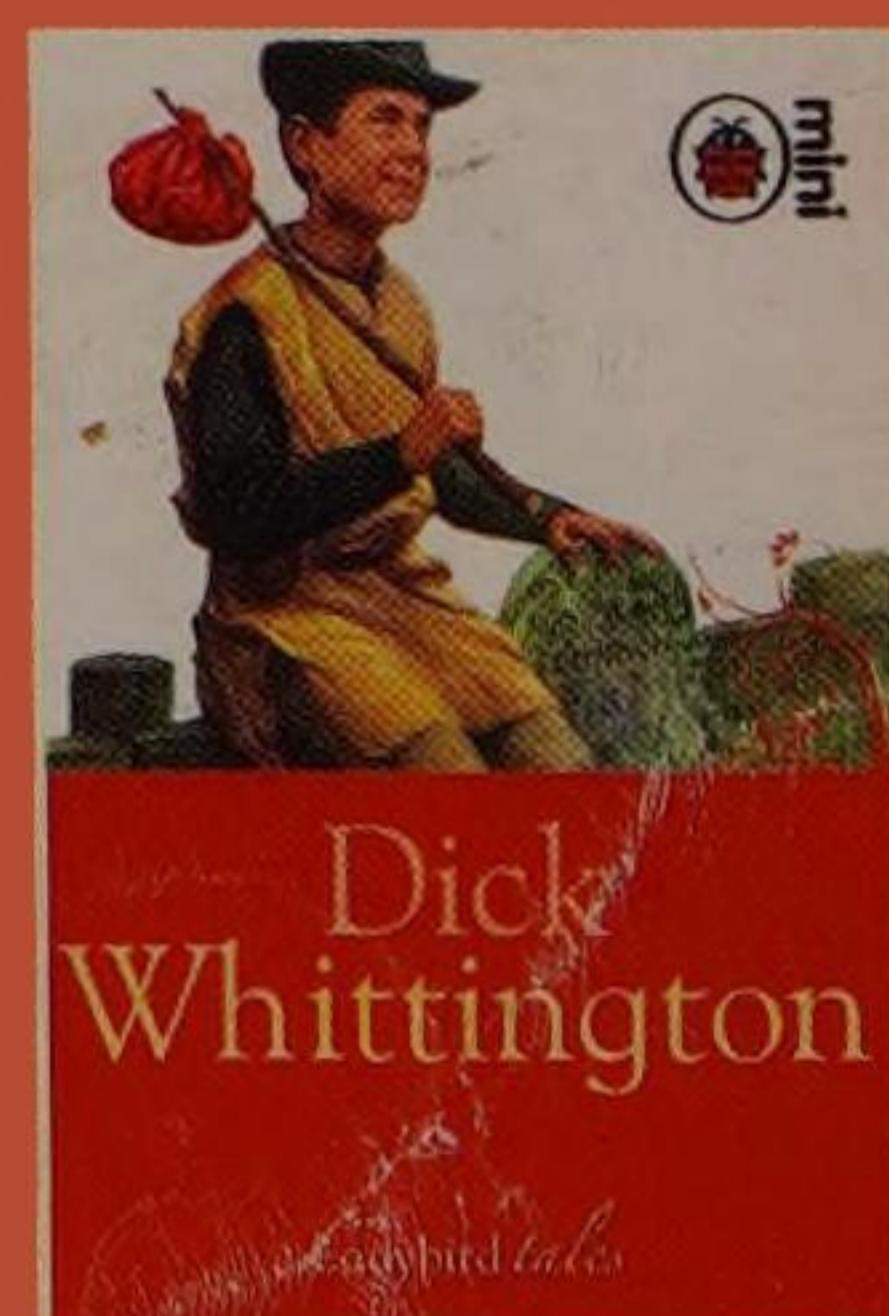
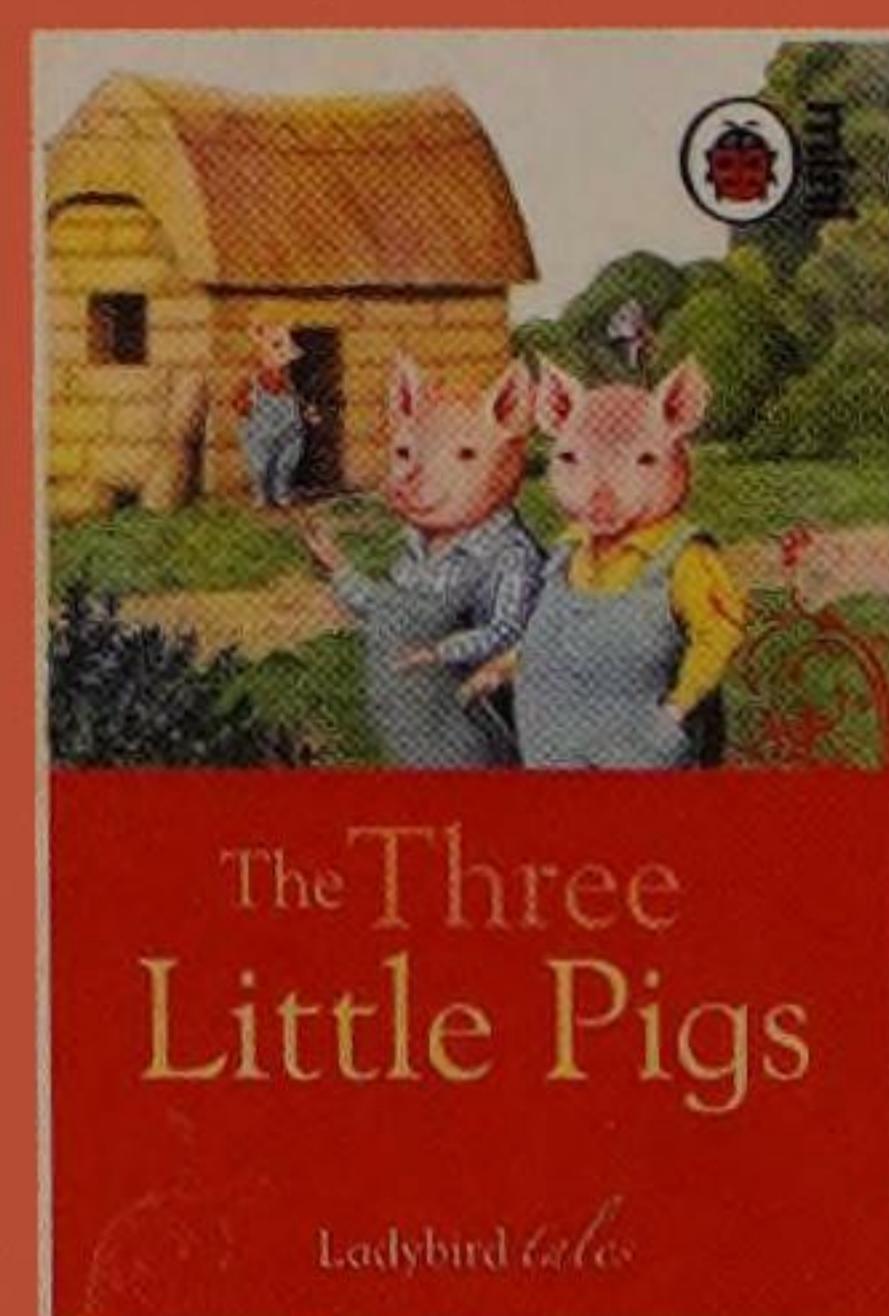
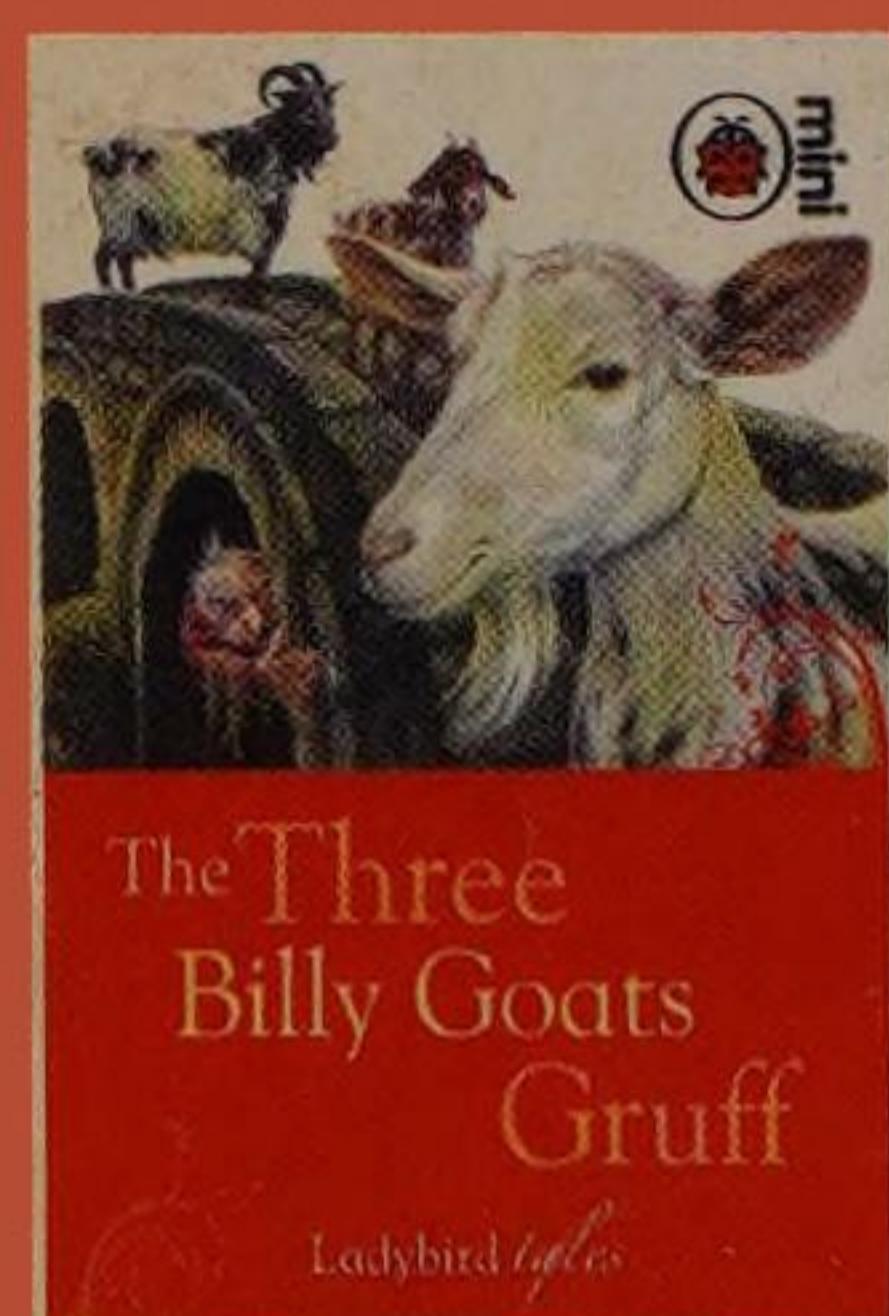
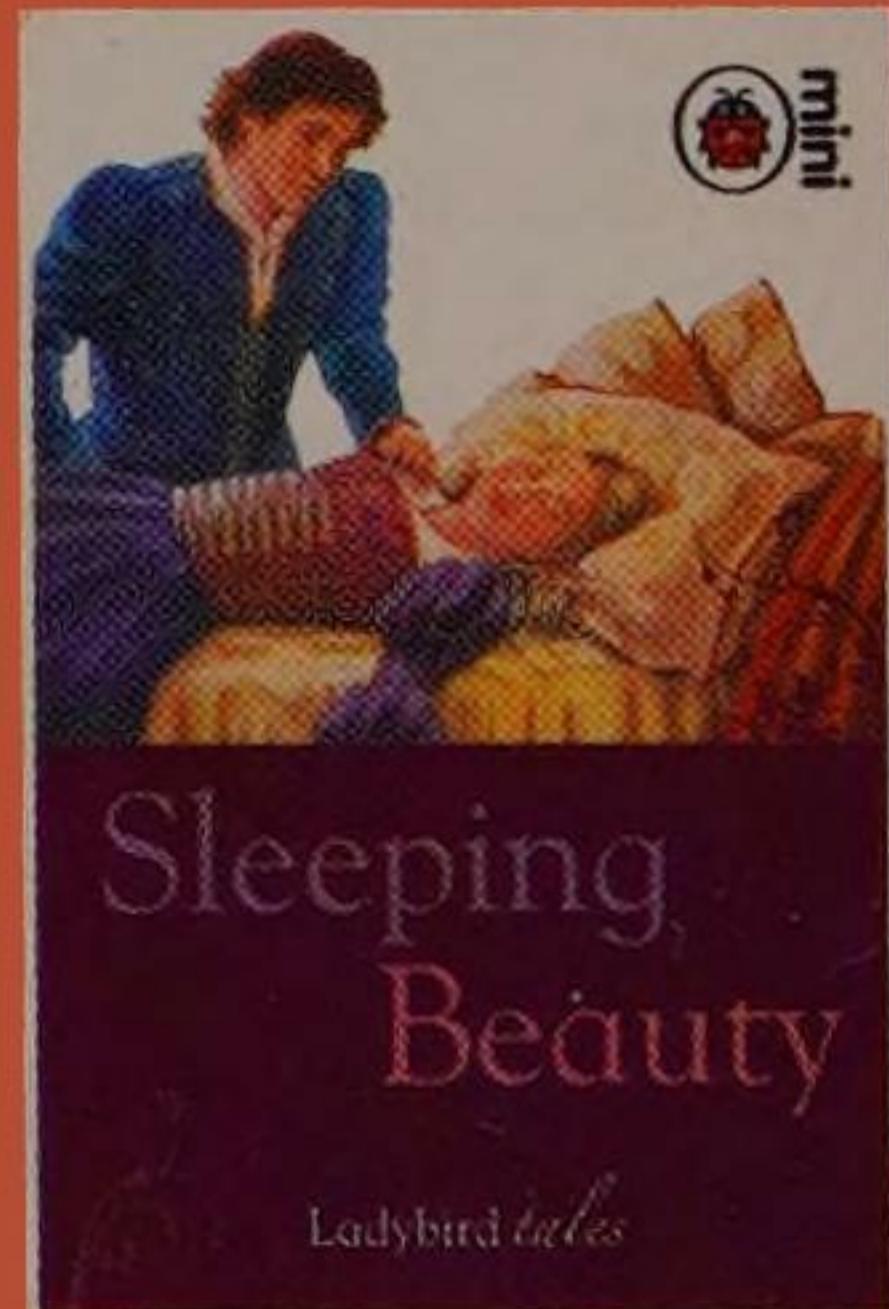
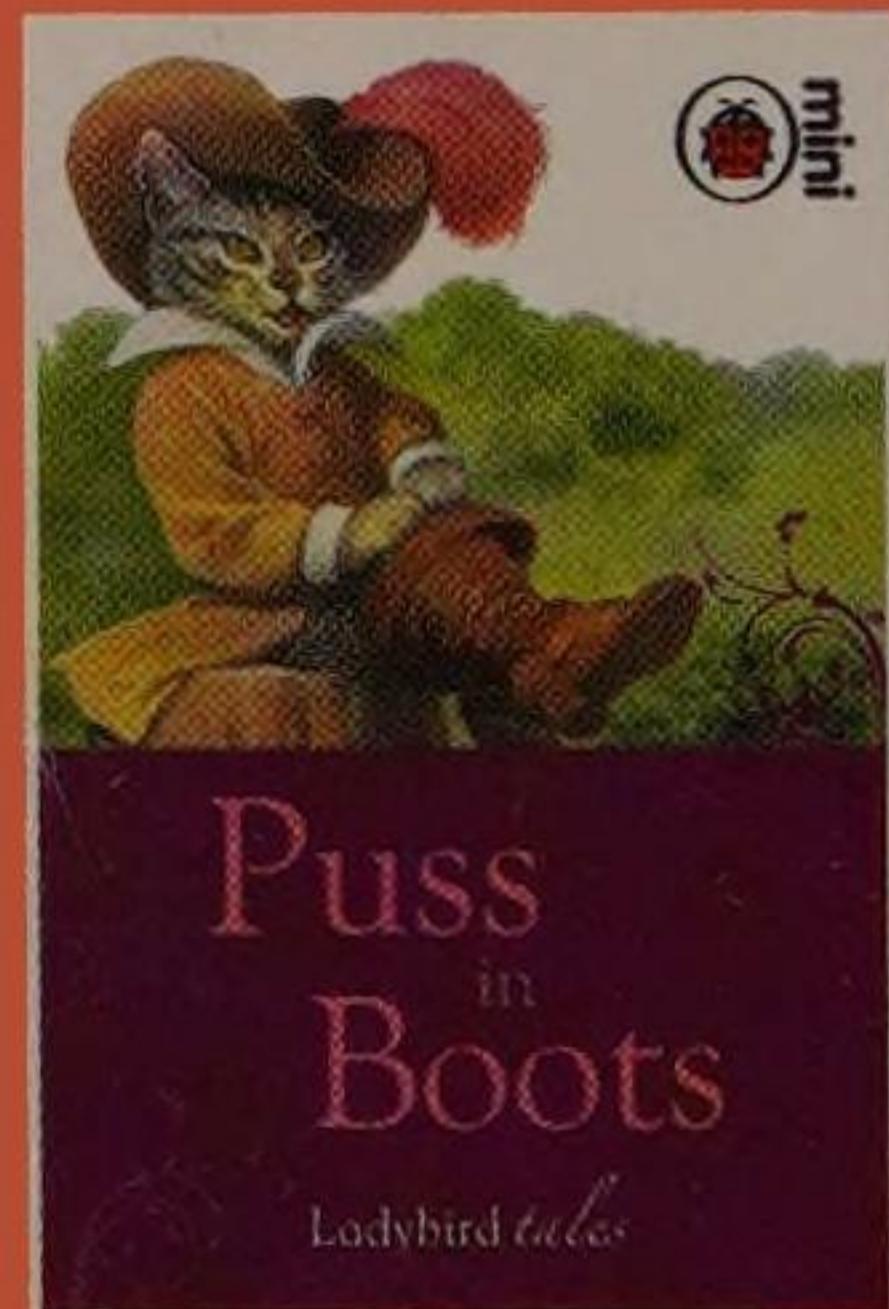
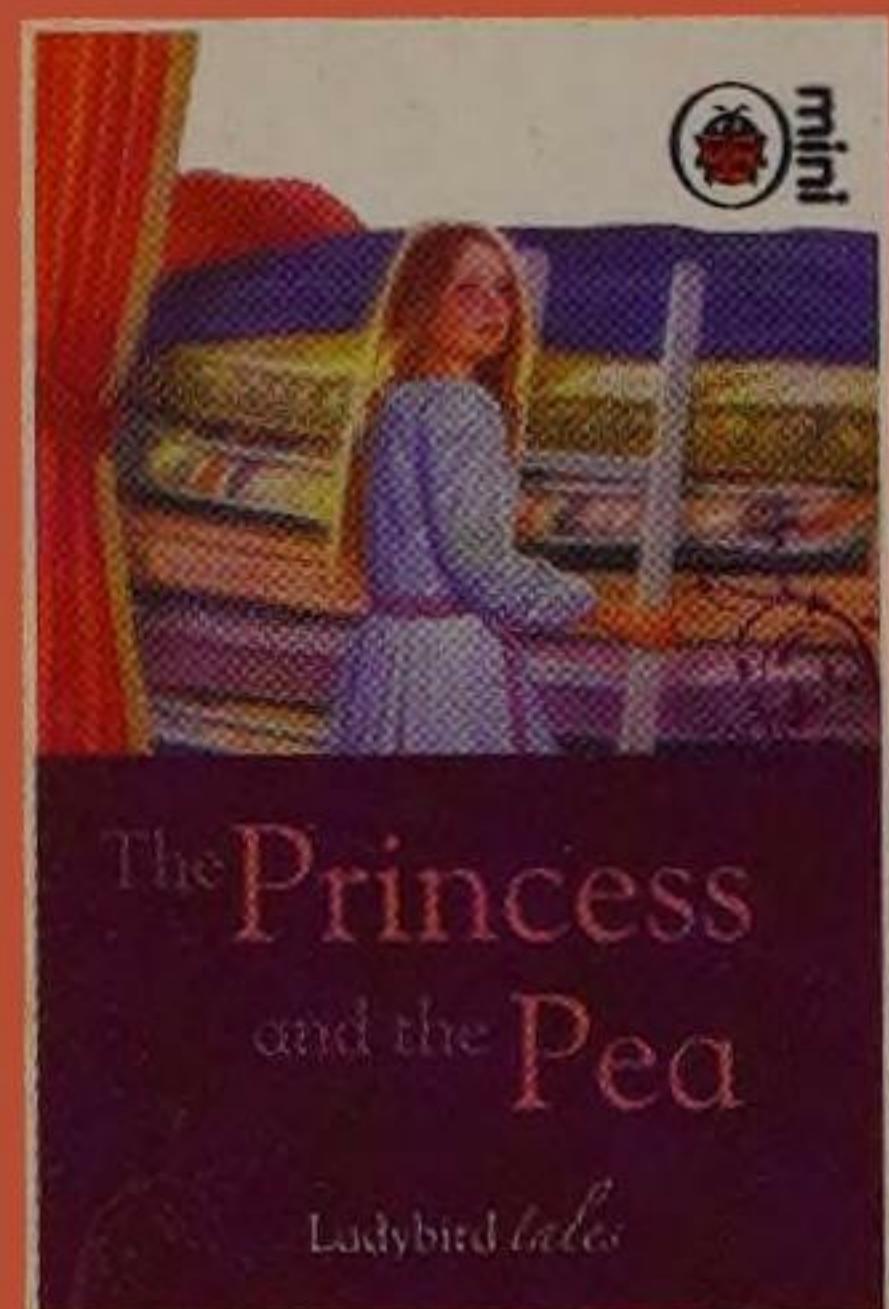
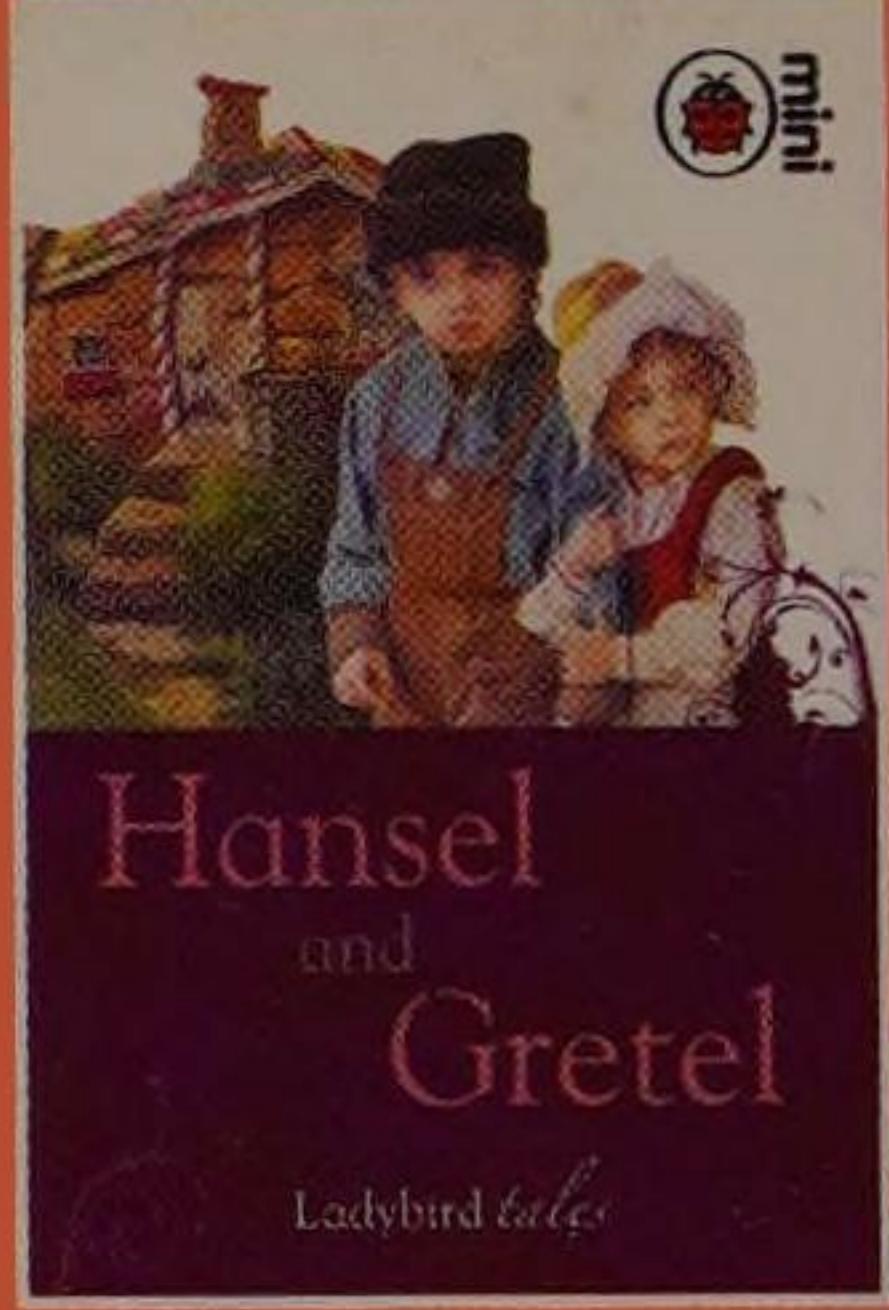
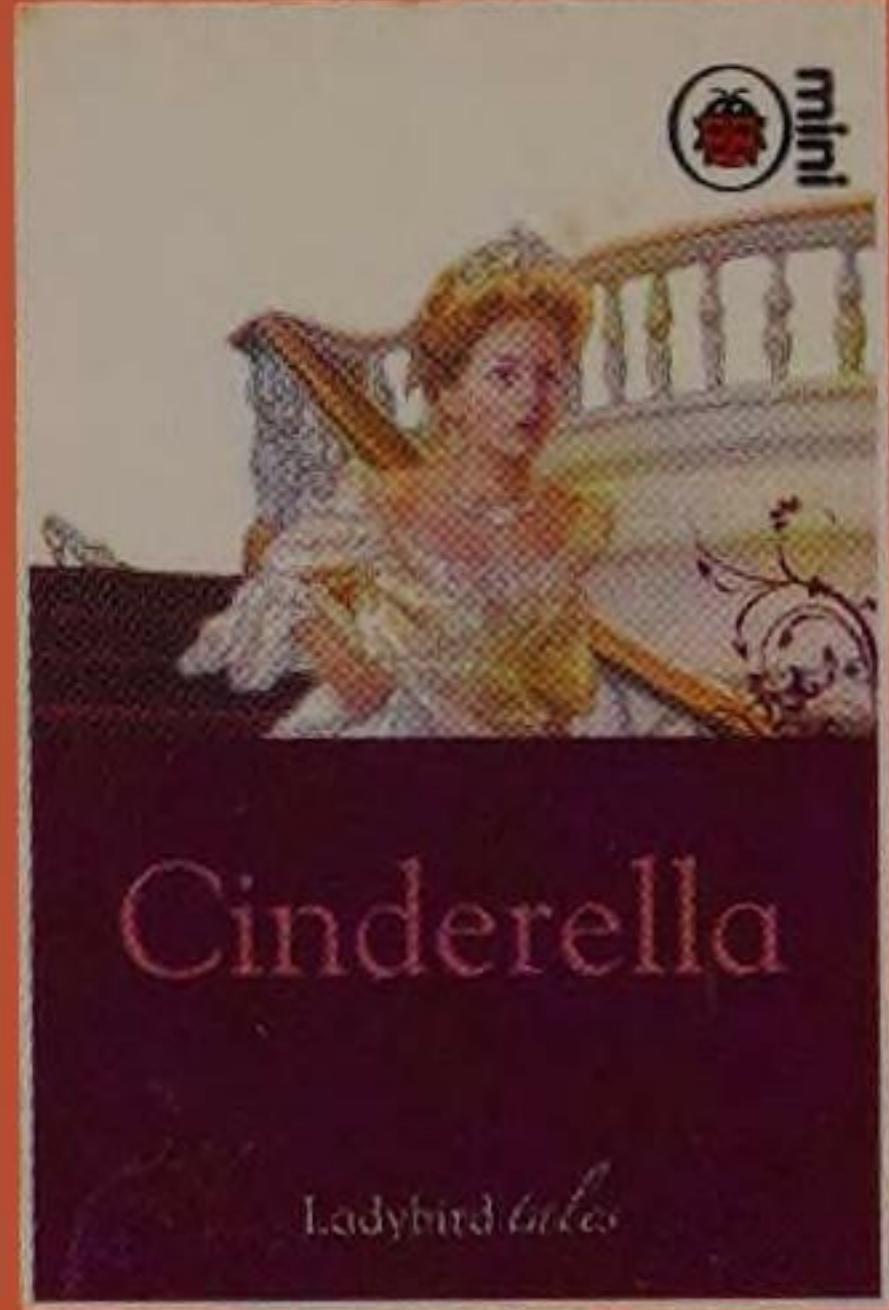
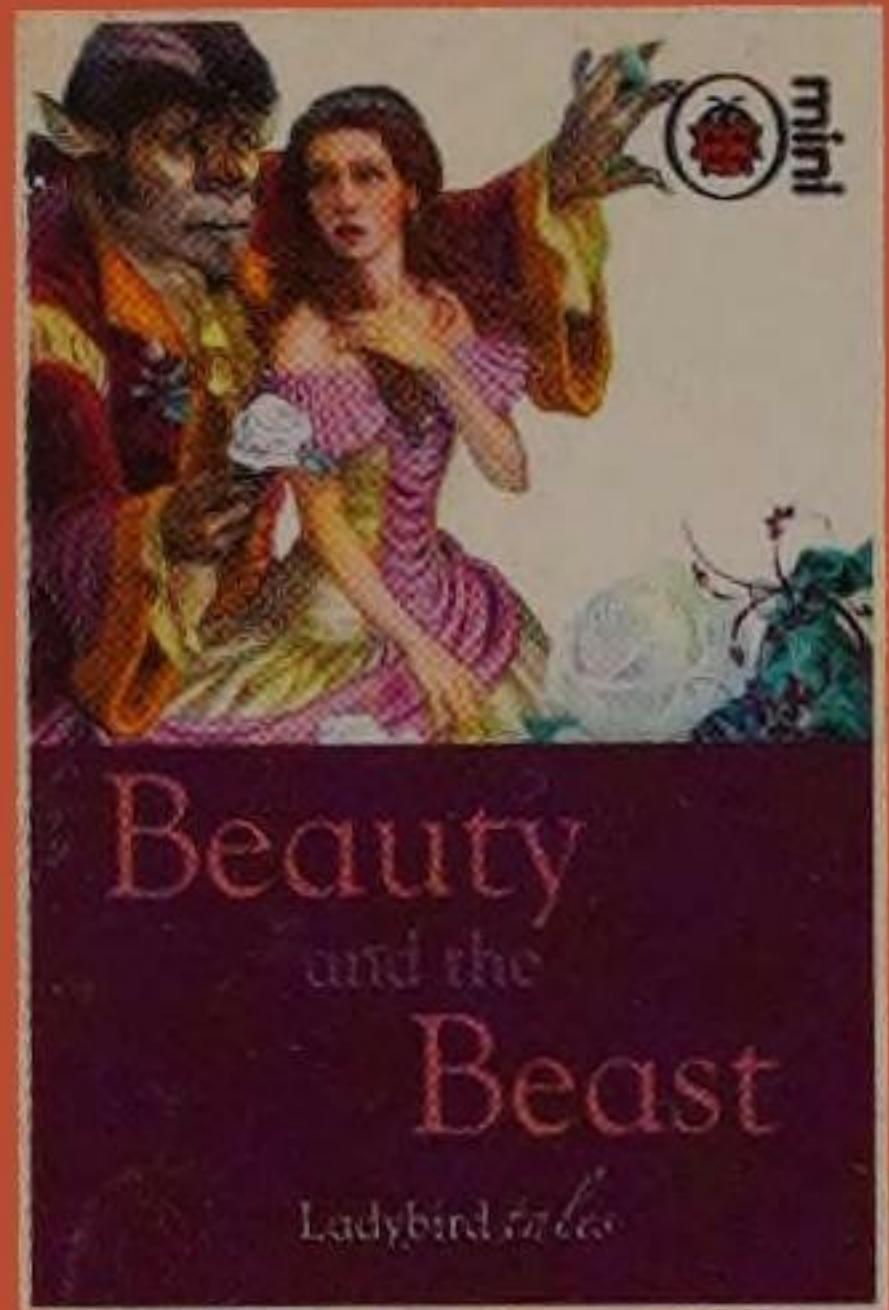
“I will,” said the pig.

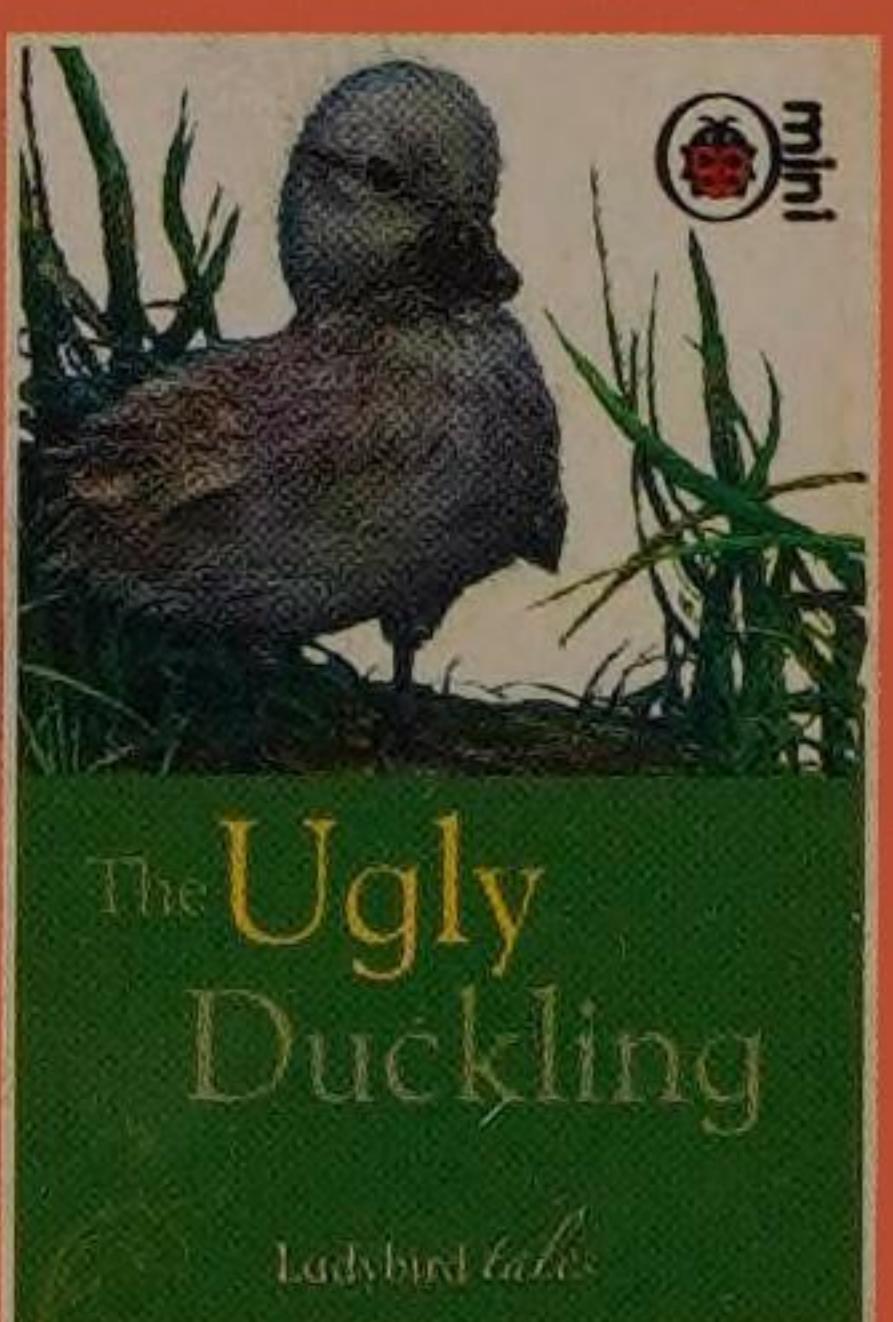
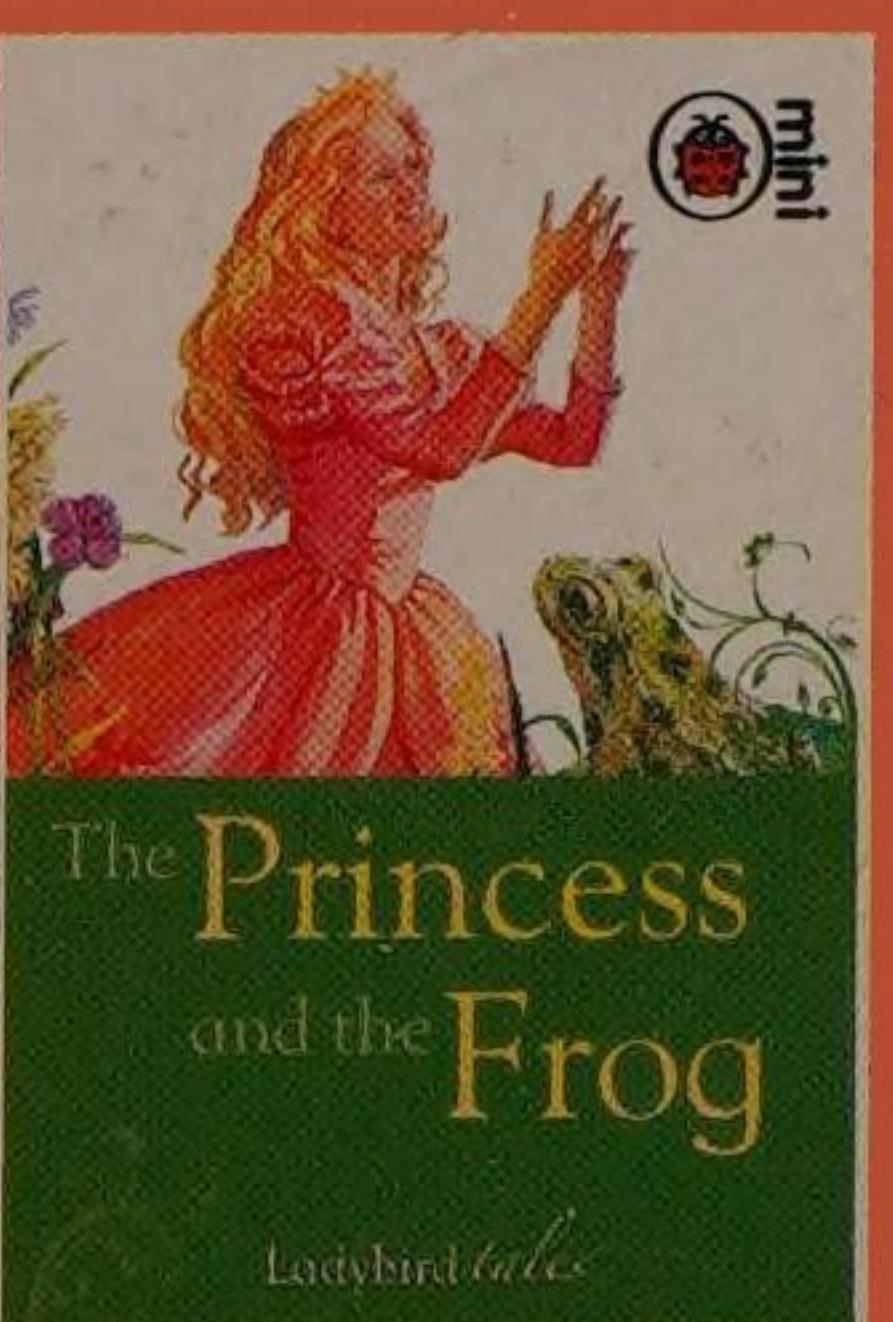
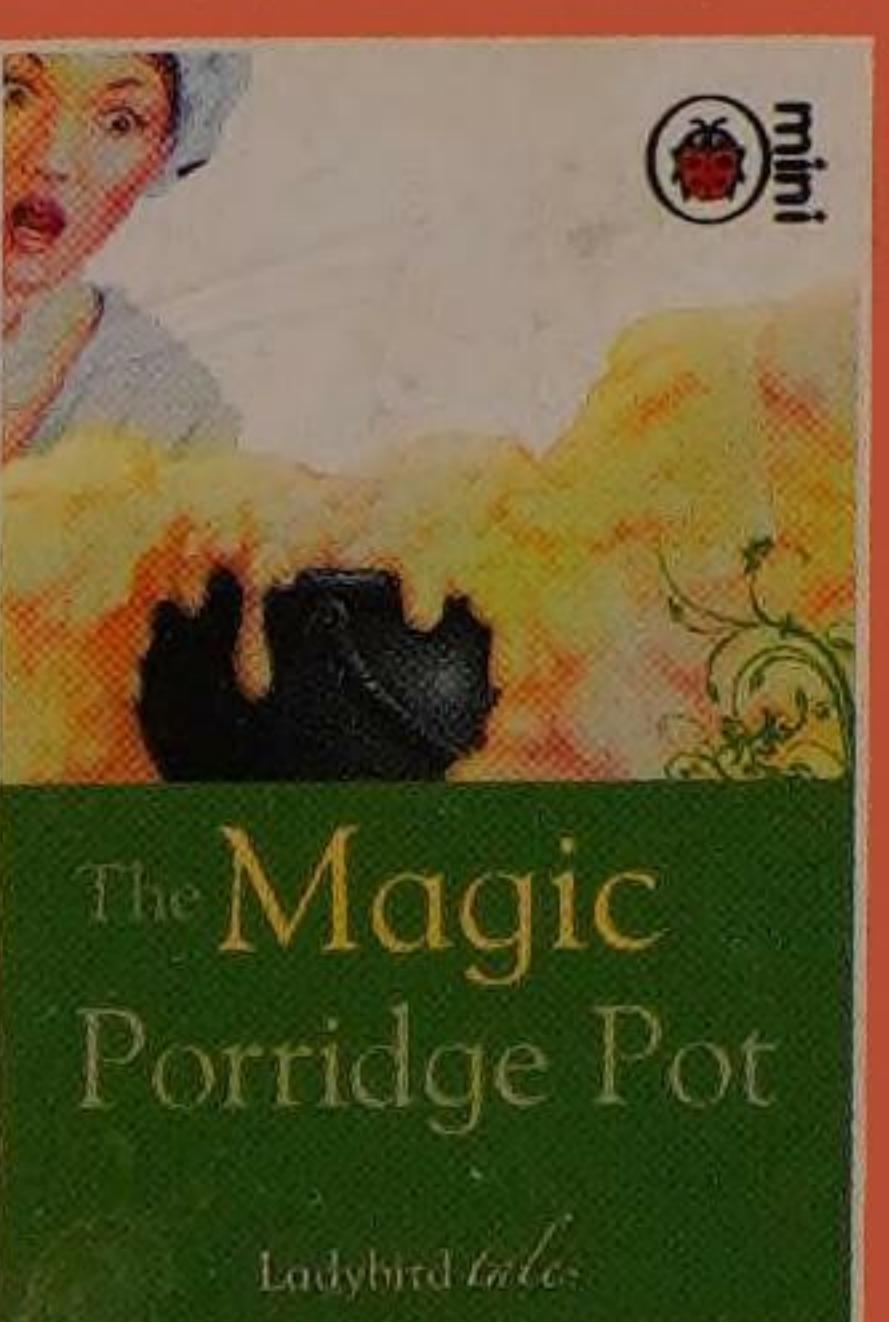
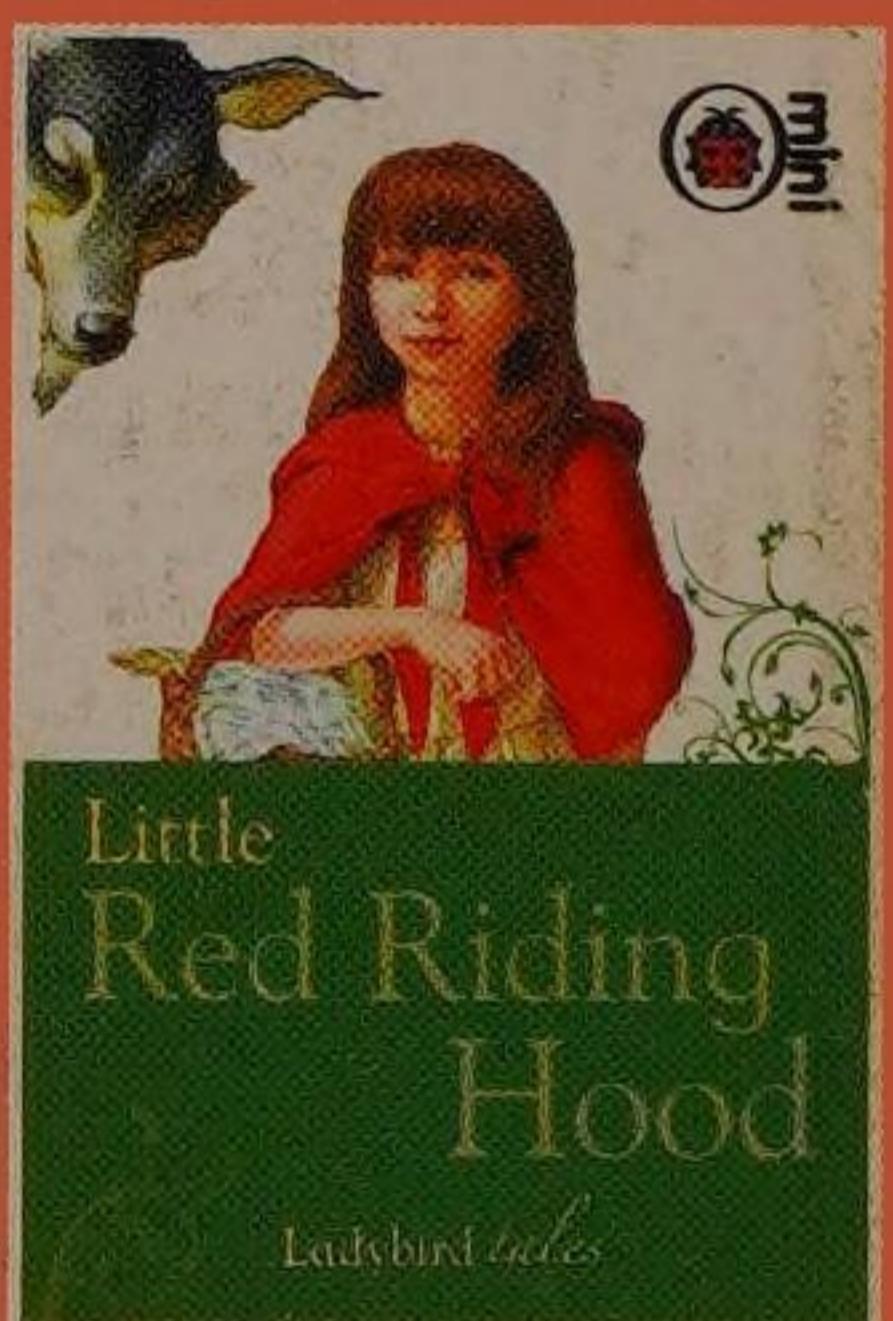
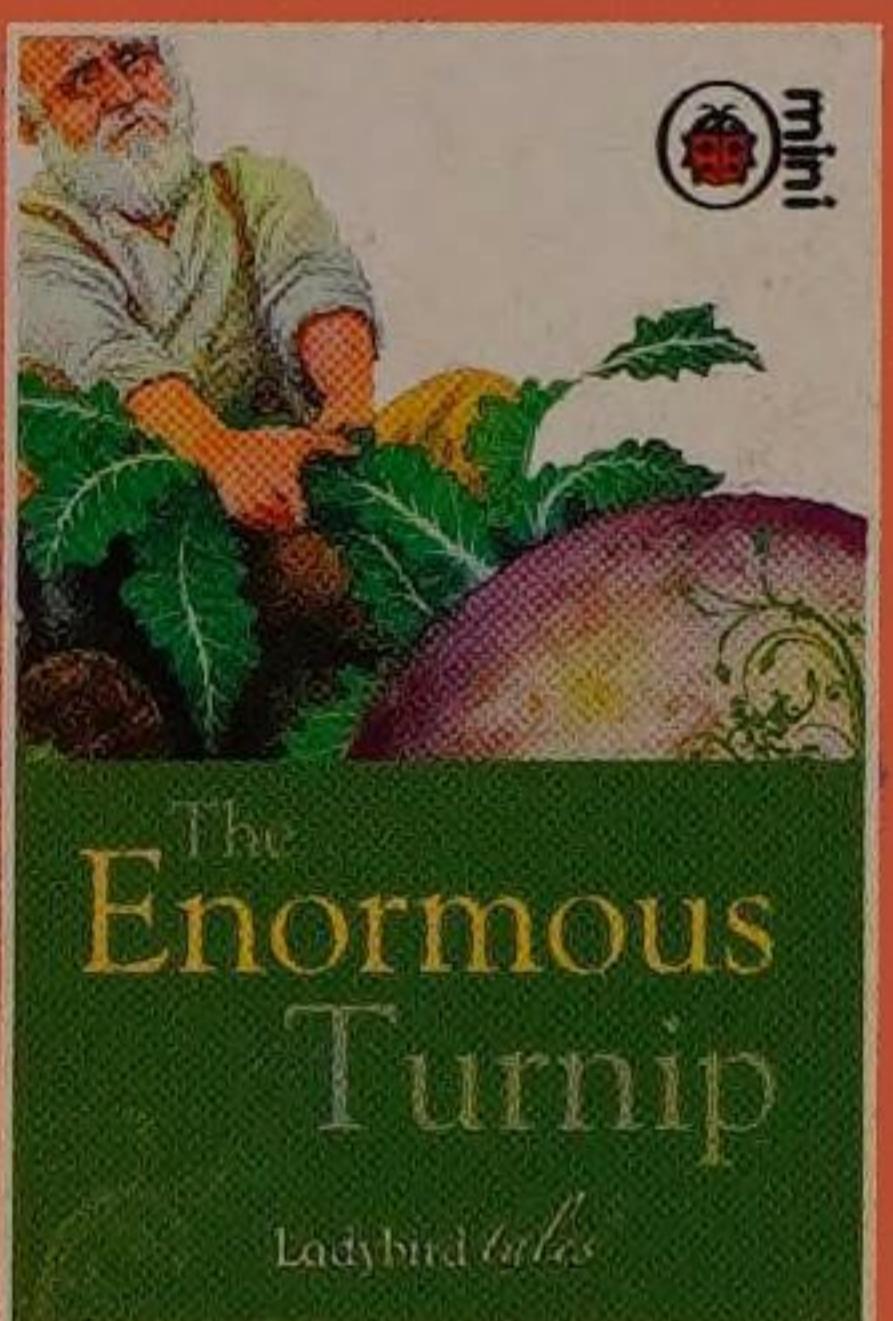
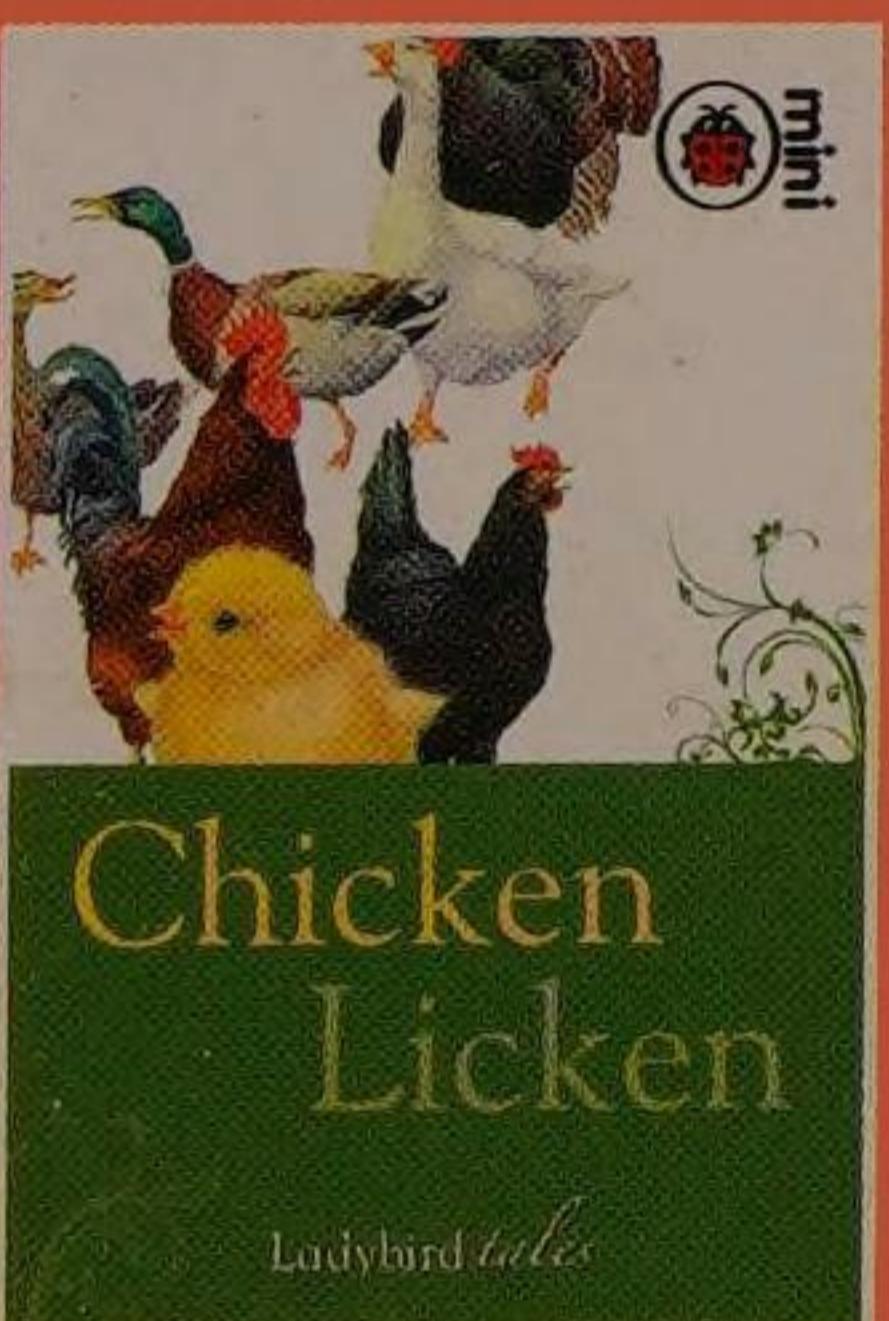
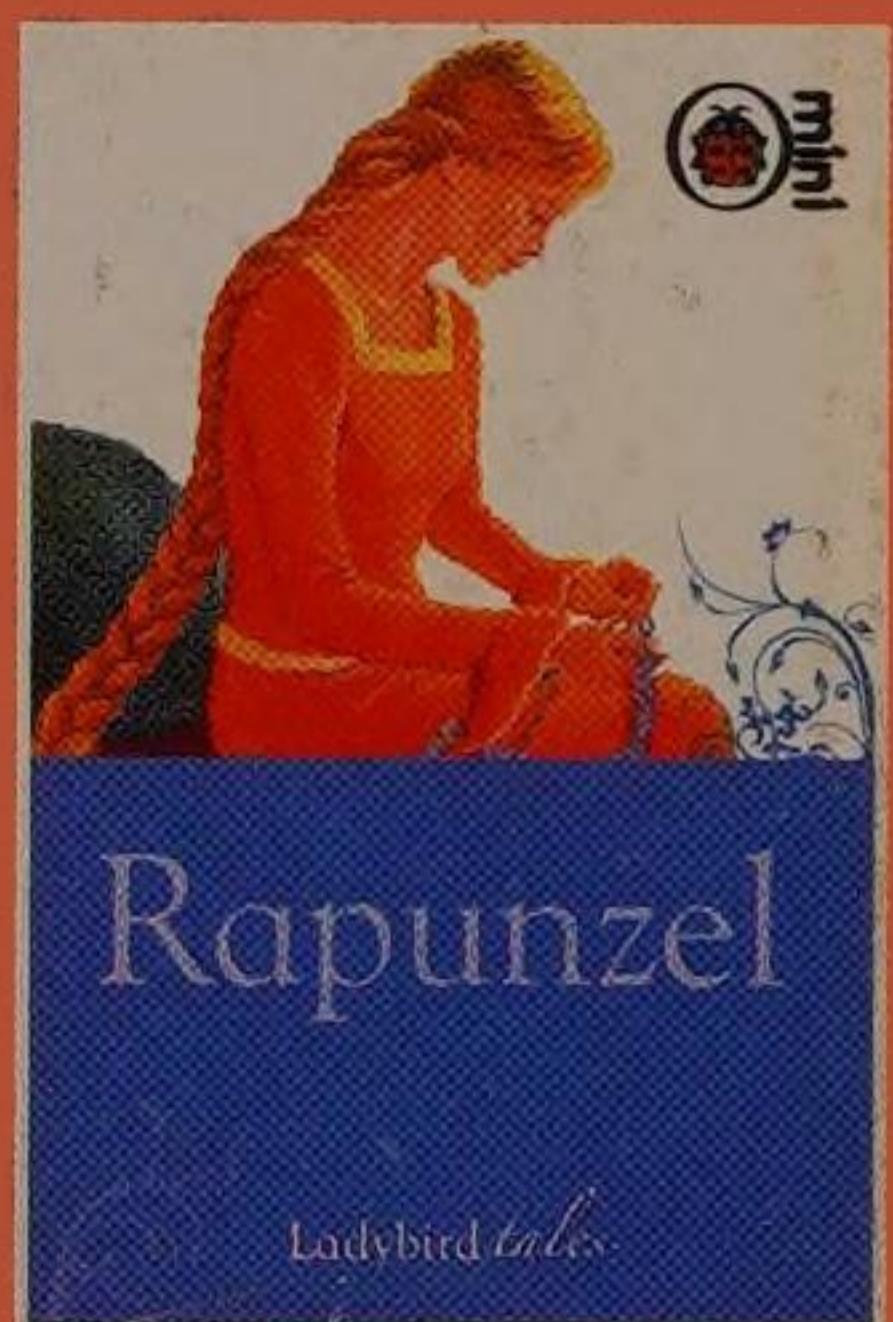
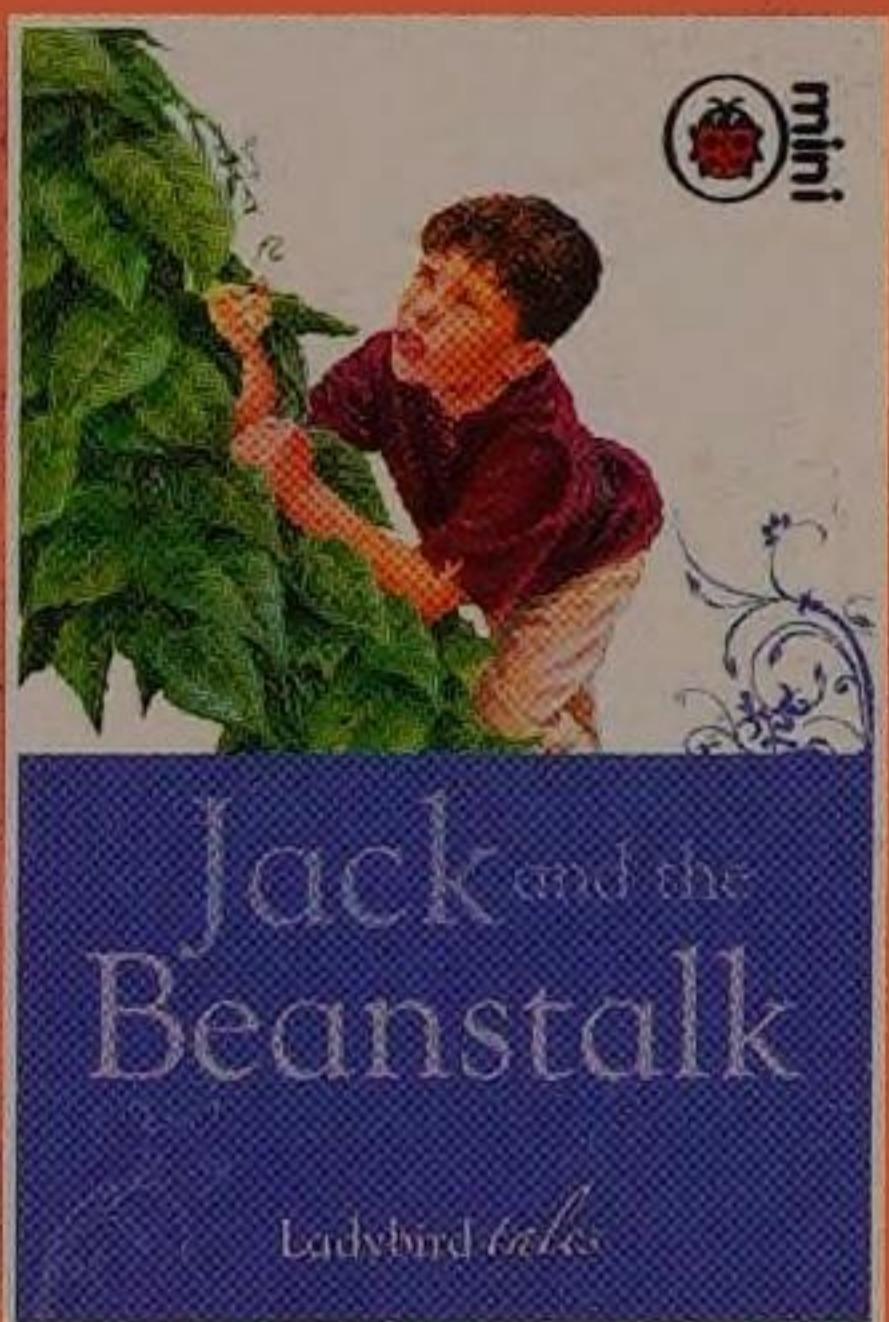
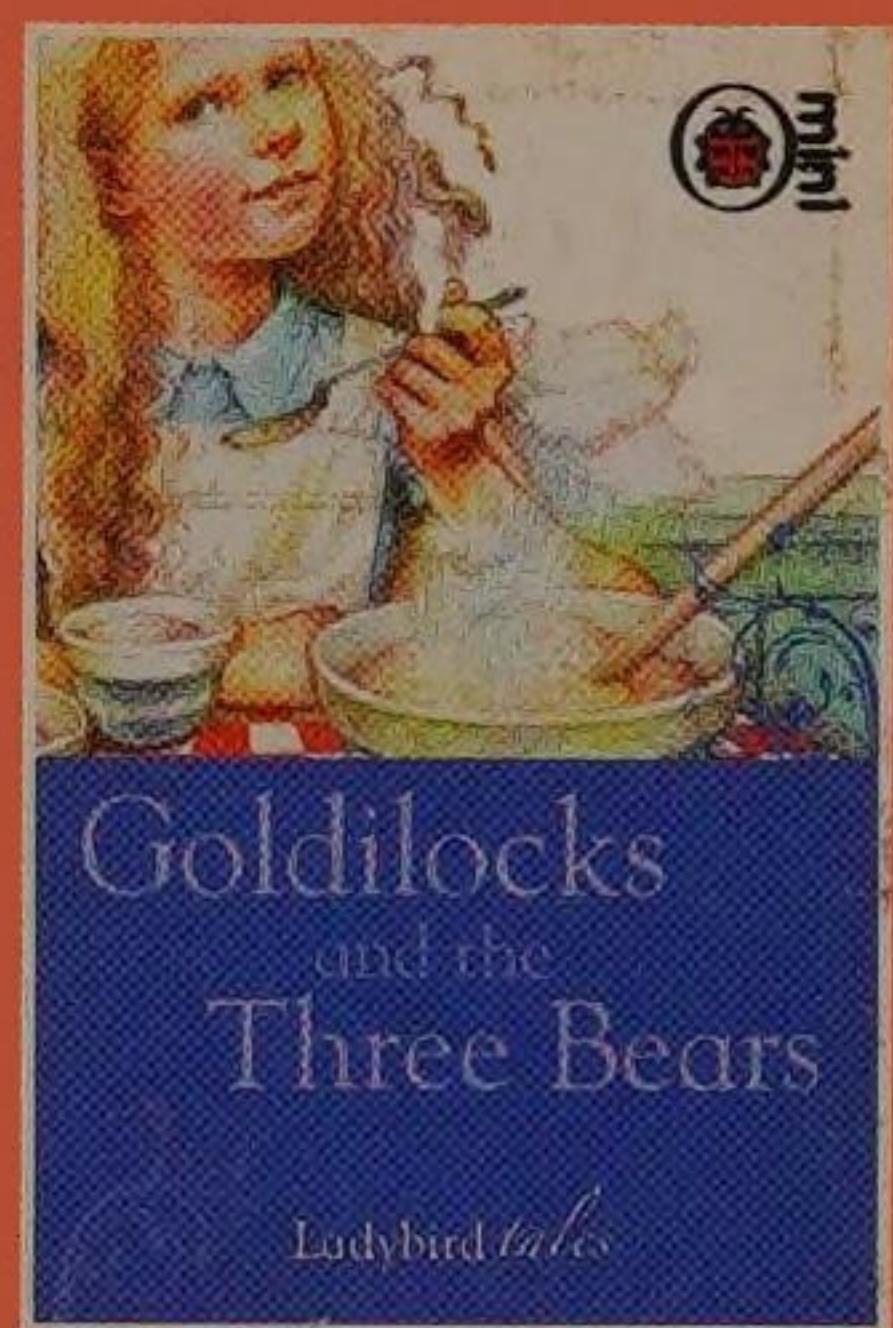
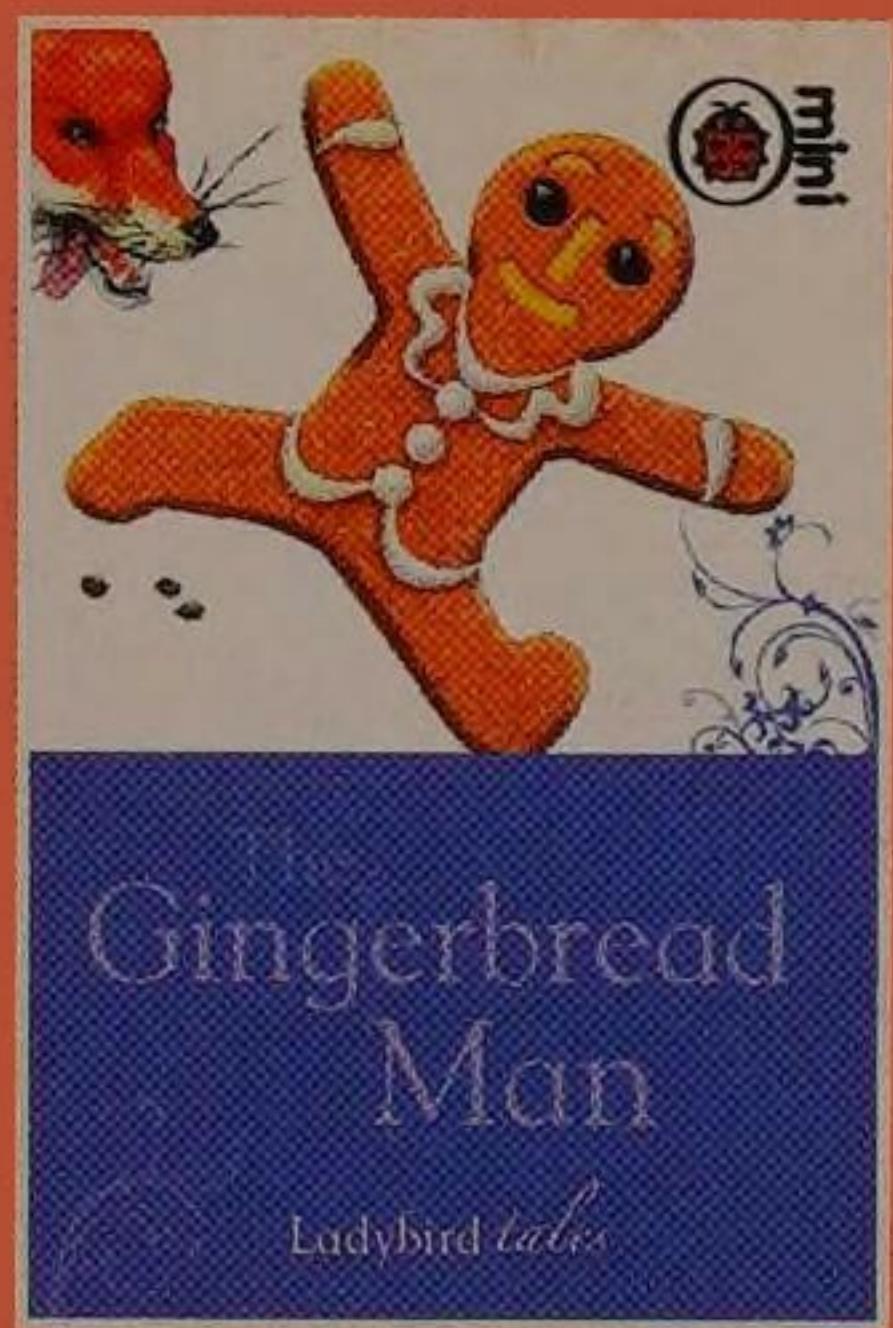


“No, you will not,” said the little red hen. “I shall eat it myself.”

So she did.







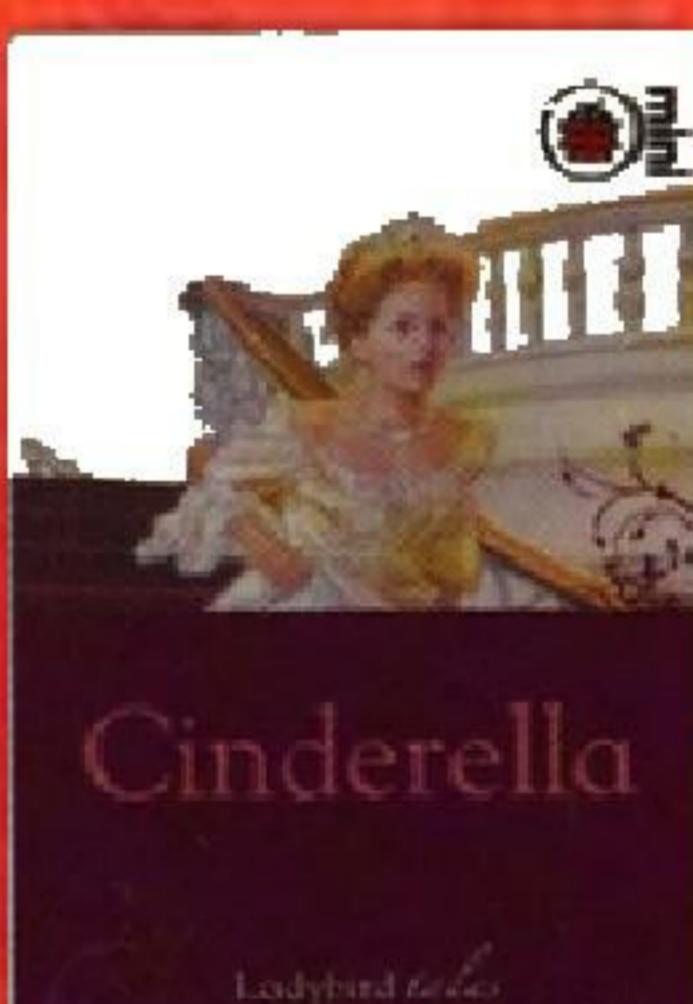
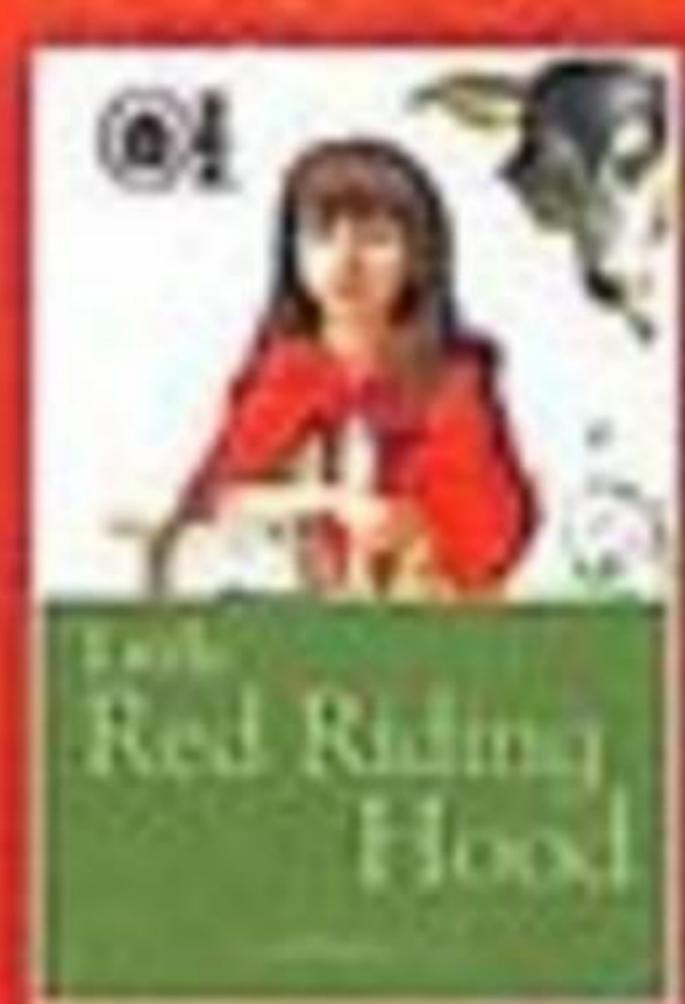
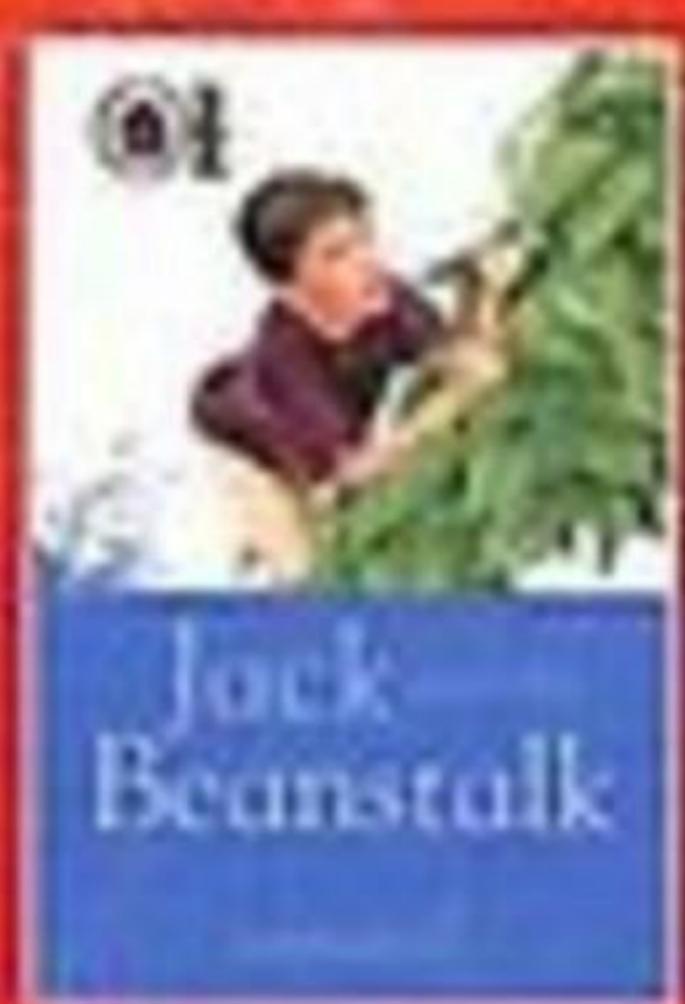
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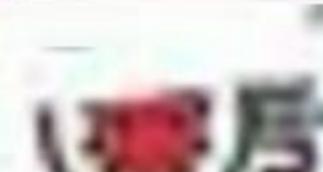
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